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CHECCHETTO
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ZDARSKY**
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**MARCO
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ARTIST

**MATTHEW
WILSON**
COLOR ARTIST

WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-DEGREE RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY AS...

DAREDEVIL IS MARRIED.

CENTURIES AGO, THE FIST WAS FORMED TO STAND IN OPPOSITION TO THE SADISTIC NINJA CLAN THE HAND. AFTER A GRUELING RITUAL DISCOVERED IN THE BOOK OF THE FIST, MATT MURDOCK AND ELEKTRA NATCHIOS WERE MARRIED, EMERGING AS THE FIST'S KING AND QUEEN.

BUT AFTER DAREDEVIL FINALLY DESTROYED THE LUNATE TALISMAN--THE KEY TO DEFEATING THE NINJA CULT--FOGGY AND STICK WERE REVEALED TO BE HAND PUPPETS. AS THEIR BODIES FADED TO DUST, THE STORMWYNS BOMBED THE FIST'S ISLAND STRONGHOLD AND THE AVENGERS CAPTURED ELEKTRA AND THE FORMER CRIMINALS MATT HAD RECRUITED INTO THE ARMY OF THE FIST. THE FIST HAS COLLAPSED. THE ISLAND IS DESTROYED.

BUT DAREDEVIL ISN'T FINISHED. MATT INFILTRATED THE STORMWYNS' OFFICE AND VIOLENTLY COERCED THEM INTO RELEASING ELEKTRA AND THE CAPTURED CRIMINALS. AND THERE'S STILL THE MATTER OF THE SOULS OF HIS FRIENDS, ALLIES AND WORLD LEADERS LOST TO THE HAND...

THE RED FIST SAGA

PART 12

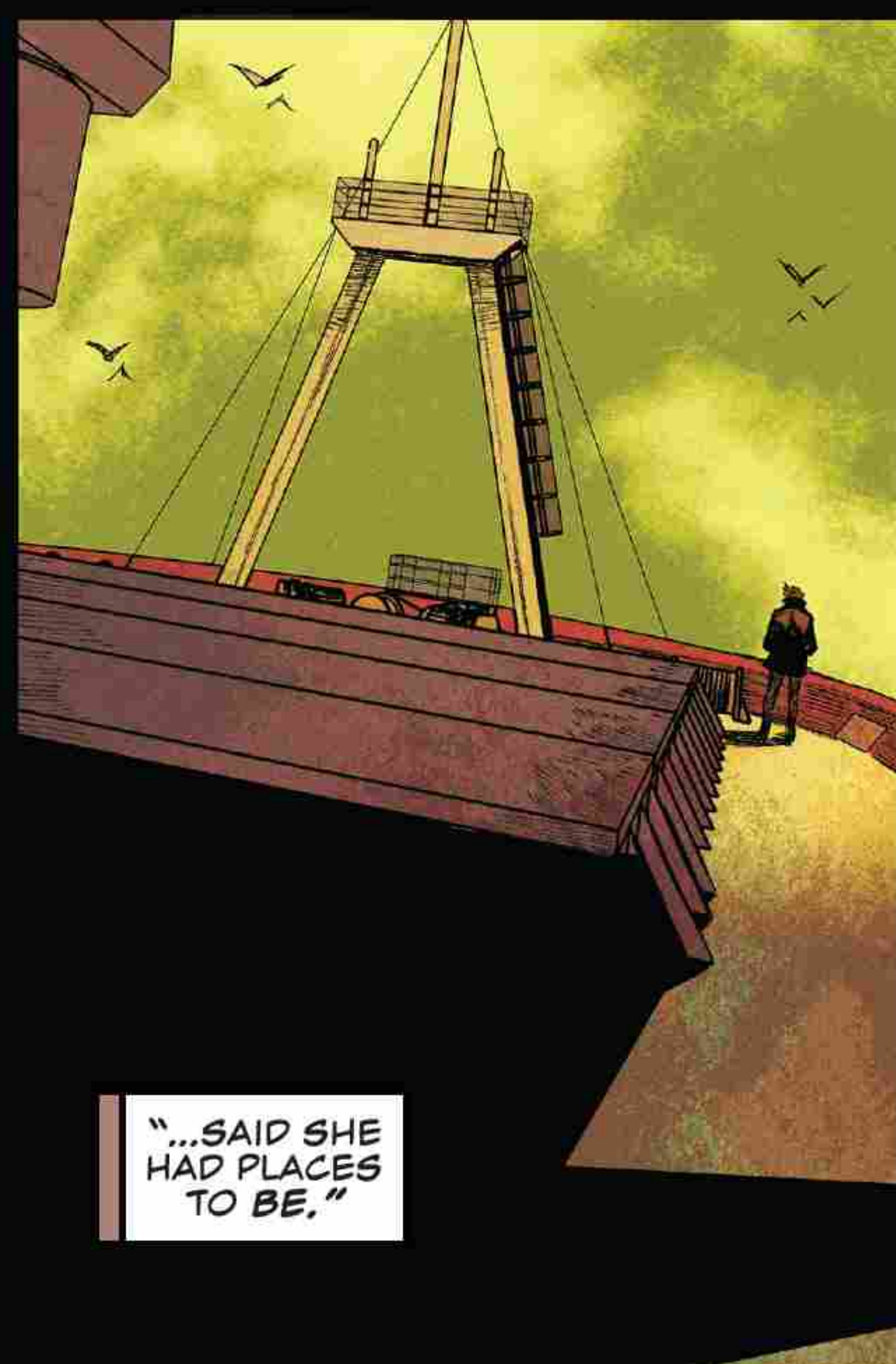
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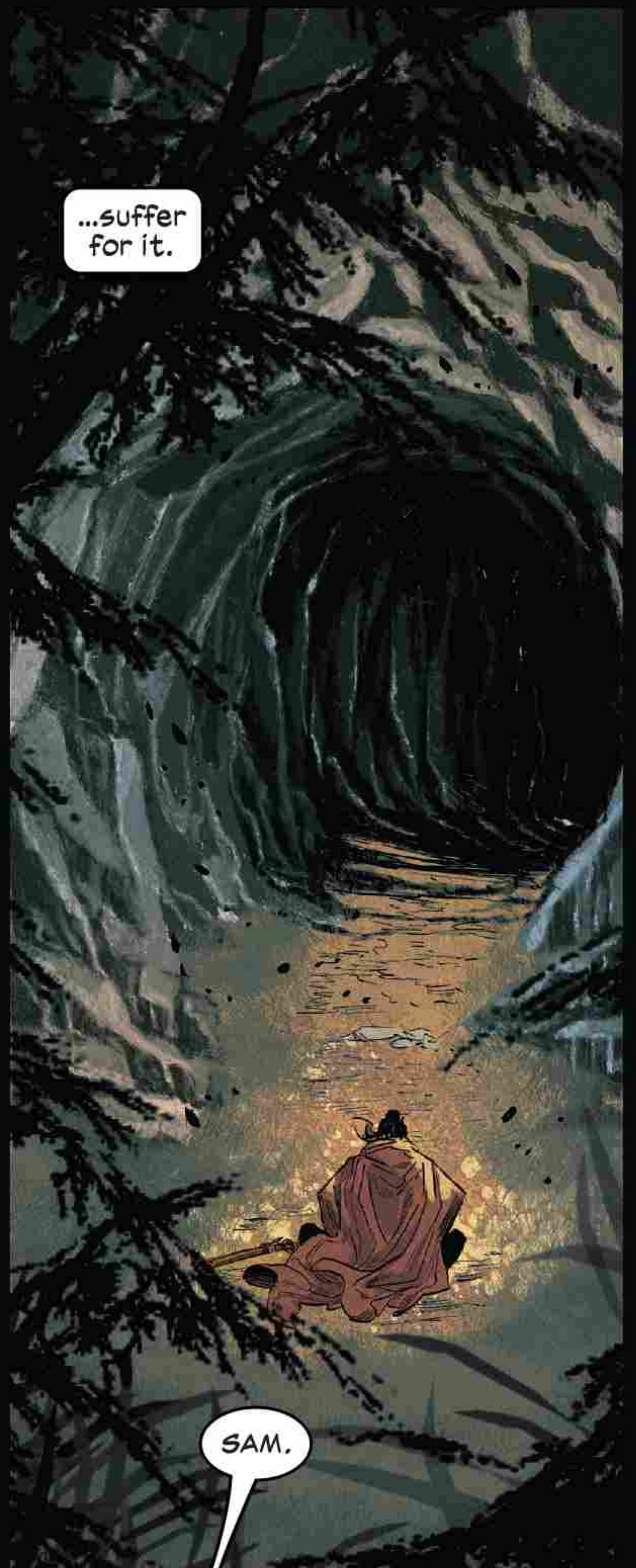
The *Book of the Fist* had one more secret for me.



A secret that broke my heart.



Sometimes the *best of us*, the *brightest stars*...



...suffer for it.

SAM.



A genius.
A hero.



I helped *train* him, but it wasn't enough.



He got entangled with *the Hand*. With *the Beast*.

He fought them, and now...

SAM!

IT'S ME. IT'S REALLY ME.



YOU'RE NOT ALONE ANYMORE.

M-MATT...?



OH GOD, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D...

The Beast. Mephisto. The Devil. Evil...

IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY.

...sooner or later, we *all* get mixed up with it.

It's what we *do* next...

...that
defines
us.

WHEN YOU
KILLED THE
BEAST, IT DIED
HERE ON EARTH,
BUT...IT STILL
LIVED ON
IN HELL.*

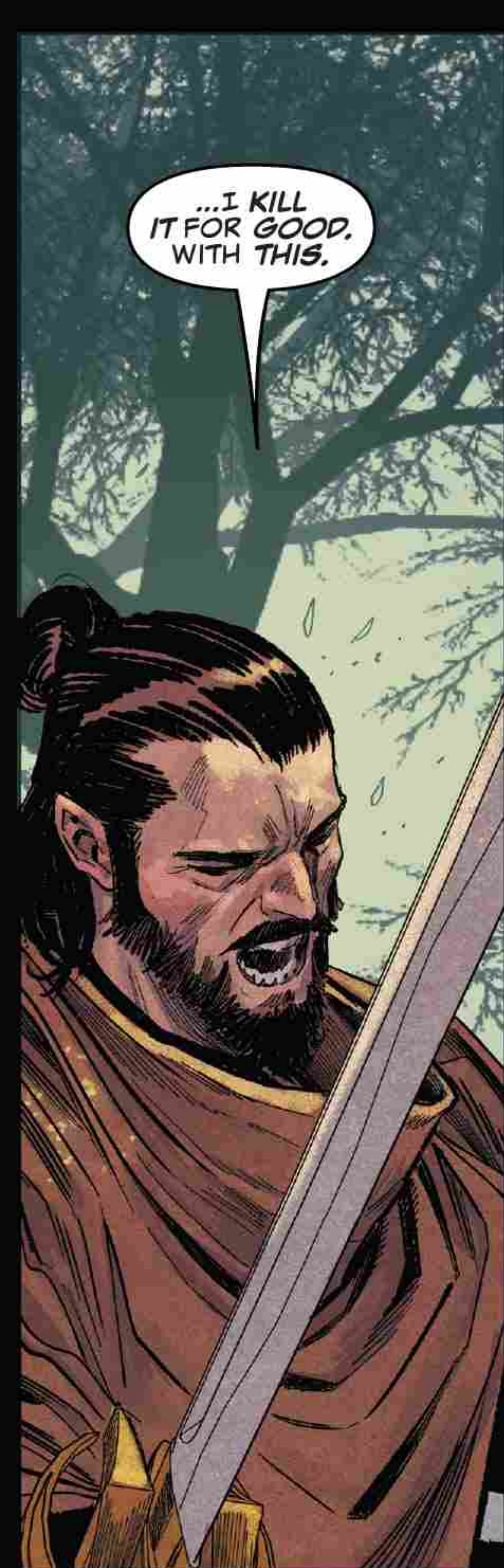
IT STARTED
COMING TO ME
IN MY NIGHTMARES,
DEMANDING I
REPAY MY DEBT
TO IT...

...FOR THE
POWER IT ONCE
GAVE ME.

IT ALMOST
DROVE ME MAD,
I...WAS APPROACHED
BY AN OLD
MAN...

*SEE DAREDEVIL #605! --ED





...I KILL IT FOR GOOD, WITH THIS.



HE SAID IT WOULD MAKE THE DEATH PERMANENT. THE MAN GAVE IT TO ME--

STICK.

WAIT, HOW DID YOU--?



BECAUSE HE TRAINED ME, SAM.

Was it *Stick* controlled by the Hand?



Or *Stick*, the enemy of the Hand?

Either way, we're here.

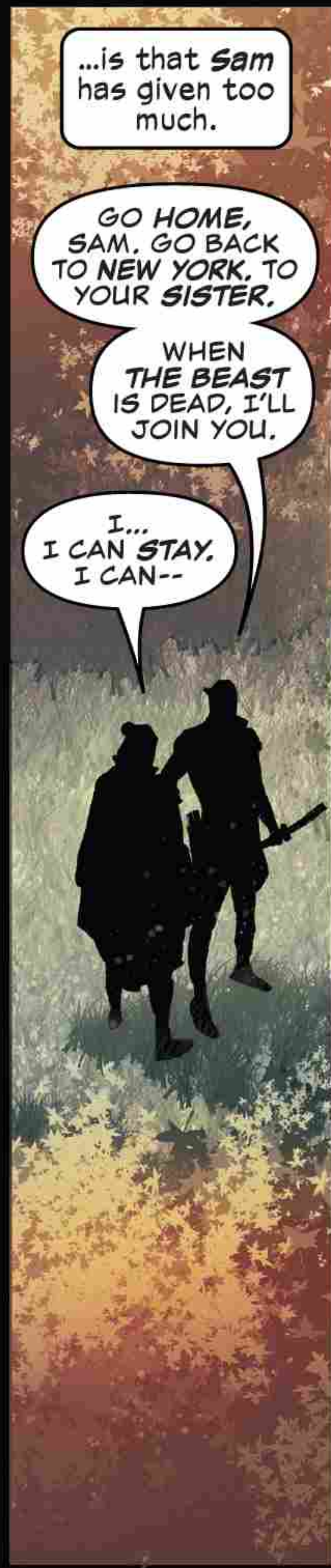
BECAUSE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO RELIEVE YOU OF THIS BURDEN.



And I'm at the *end* of the *prophecy*.

Everything I do from here on out isn't *known*.

But what I *do* know...



...is that *Sam* has given too much.

GO HOME, SAM. GO BACK TO NEW YORK, TO YOUR *SISTER*.

WHEN *THE BEAST* IS DEAD, I'LL JOIN YOU.

I... I CAN *STAY*. I CAN--



I NEED YOU TO GO FIND SOME *HAPPINESS*, SAM.

THAT WOULD... THAT WOULD BRING ME MORE JOY THAN YOU CAN EVEN IMAGINE.

CAN YOU DO THAT FOR ME?



I--MATT... I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN...

...BUT I CAN TRY.

Soon, it's just me...



...and my plan.

The *souls* of Foggy and the world leaders are trapped in Hell with the *Beast*.

I need to *save* them.

The *danger* to those who guard this cave is that it's a *vortex*.

If you die near it, no matter *how* you've lived your life or what you believe...

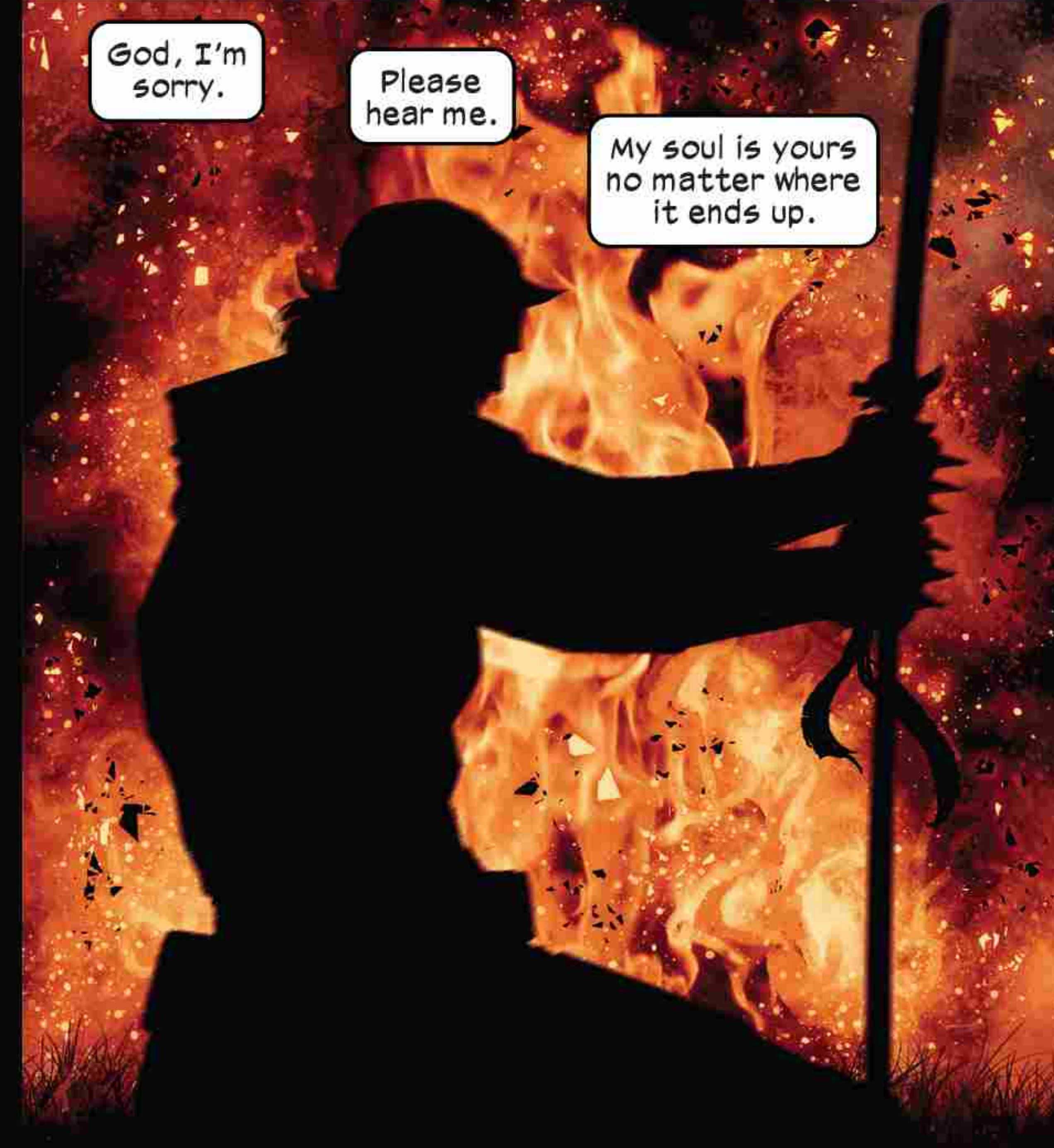


...it pulls your *soul* into Hell.

To the *Beast's* realm within Hell.



And all you have to do...



God, I'm sorry.

Please hear me.

My soul is yours no matter where it ends up.



You've given me so much...

...you've given me *love* in the form of a *tornado*.

A tornado of jasmine...



HELLO, WIFE.

MATTHEW. THERE'S ANOTHER WAY.

NOT ACCORDING TO THE BOOK.

I HAD DOUBTS, ELEKTRA.



WHEN THE FIST COMPOUND WAS ATTACKED, WHEN FOGGY...

I DOUBTED THAT GOD WAS A LIVING GOD.

THAT HE GAVE US THIS PATH.

BUT WE'RE HERE NOW, AREN'T WE?

AFTER PRISON, AND GOLDBY, AND THE DAMNED DUELING PROPHECIES AND OUR MANIPULATIVE MENTOR.

GOING TO HELL FOR GOD IS THE LOGICAL END...

...FOR THE CATHOLIC DEVIL.



FOR THE PIOUS NARCISSIST.



PAF



YOU'RE
A FOOLISH
MARTYR!

AGAIN AND
AGAIN!

WHEN WILL
YOU **LEARN** WE
CAN WORK **TOGETHER**
AND FIGURE OUT A
WAY TO--?

WE DID WORK
TOGETHER!



AND THE
RESULT IS LAYING
IN **RUBBLE** AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE
OCEAN!

YOU WANT TO
KILL THE **HAND**
SO THEY NEVER
COME BACK?!



WE HAVE
TO--I HAVE TO
KILL THE **HEAD**
OF IT:

THE **BEAST**.
THEIR REASON FOR
EXISTING.

WE WERE
WRONG TO BUILD
AN **ARMY**, ELEKTRA.
WAR SHOULDN'T
BE ABOUT THE
SOLDIERS...

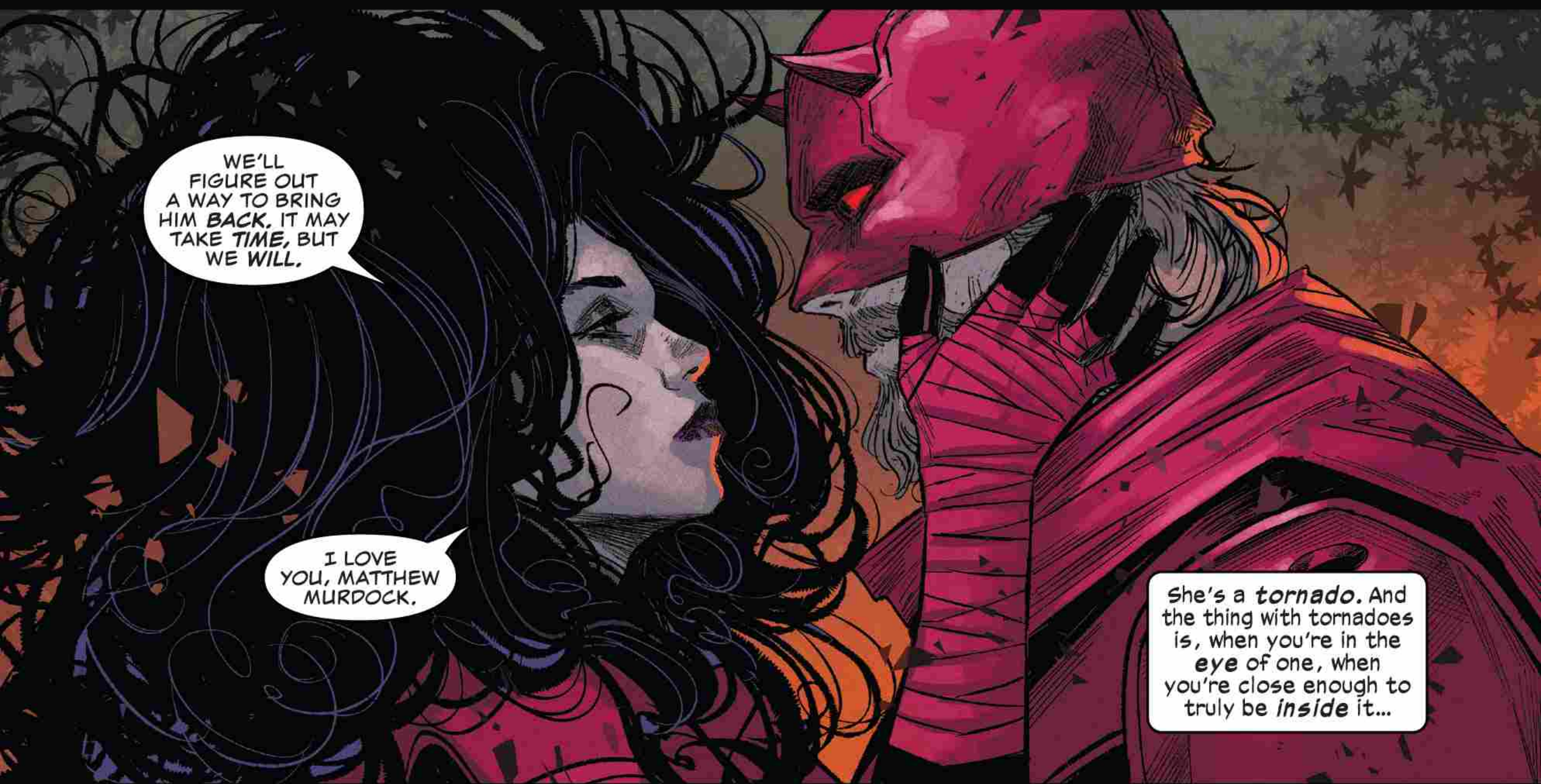
...IT SHOULD
BE ABOUT THE
ONES SENDING
THEM TO THEIR
DEATHS.



WE DESTROYED
THEIR **TALISMAN**.
WE **STOPPED** THE
HAND. FRANK
CASTLE HAS
IMPOLODED IT.

I KNOW...
IT JUST WASN'T
ENOUGH.

FOGGY...



WE'LL
FIGURE OUT
A WAY TO BRING
HIM **BACK**. IT MAY
TAKE **TIME**, BUT
WE WILL.

I LOVE
YOU, MATTHEW
MURDOCK.

She's a *tornado*. And
the thing with tornadoes
is, when you're in the
eye of one, when
you're close enough to
truly be *inside* it...

...all is
calm.

I've loved before.
There was turbulence
and tragedy. Passion
and healing.

But it always comes
back to *Elektra*,
her hold on my
pounding heart.

Even *death*
couldn't keep us
apart. Hers...





The fastest.



I honestly don't know if I can take her in a *fight* now.

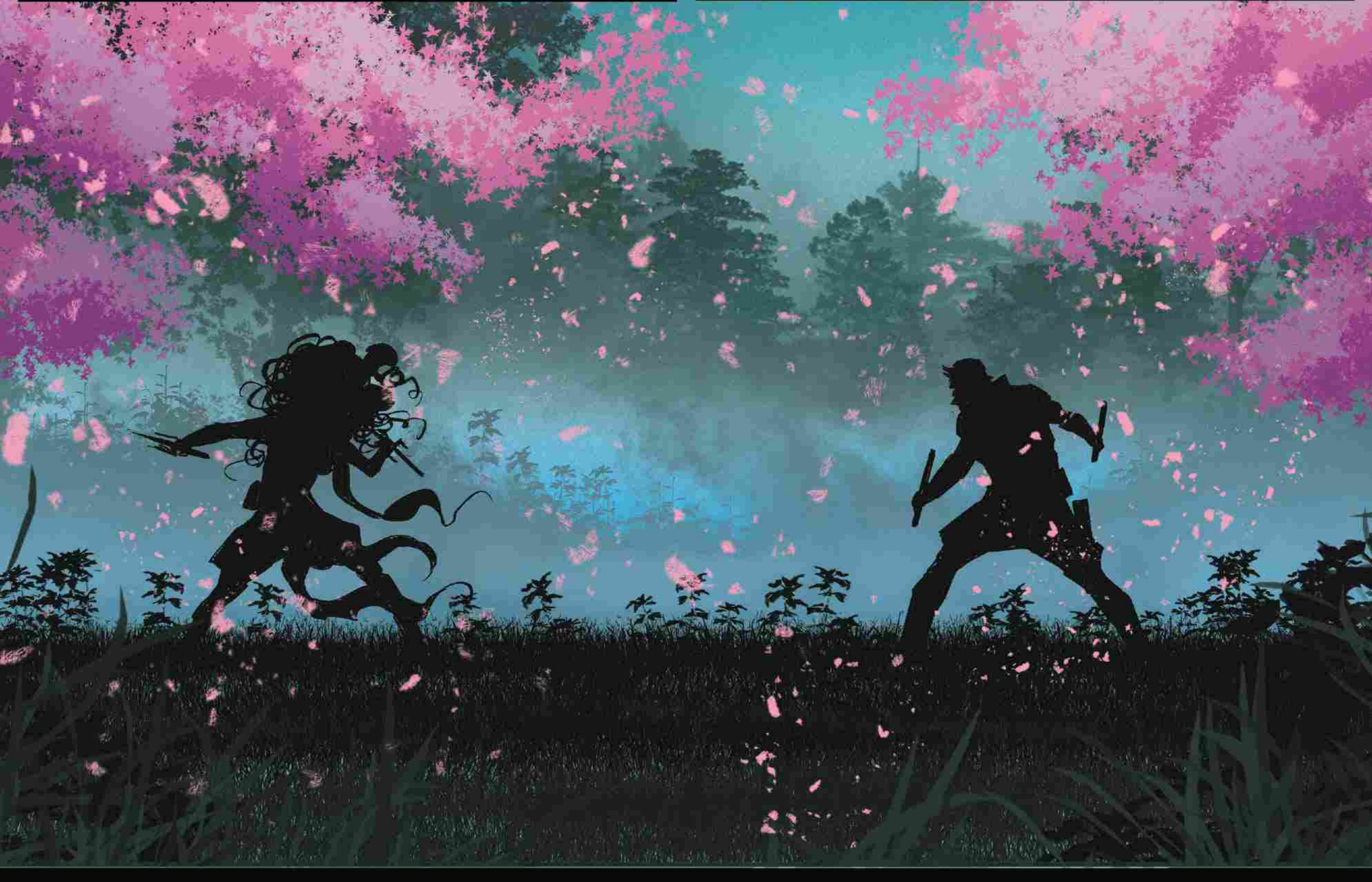
I DIDN'T TRACK YOU ACROSS THE WORLD...



...TO TAKE YOU HOME IN A BODY BAG.



I KNOW.





We dance.
One last
time.



There was pain,
Lord knows
there was *pain*.



But *this*?
Her and I?
The *fight*?

As we move with
and against each
other, a world of
knowledge in our
bones...



God help me,
I loved every
second of it.



And now she's
Daredevil.

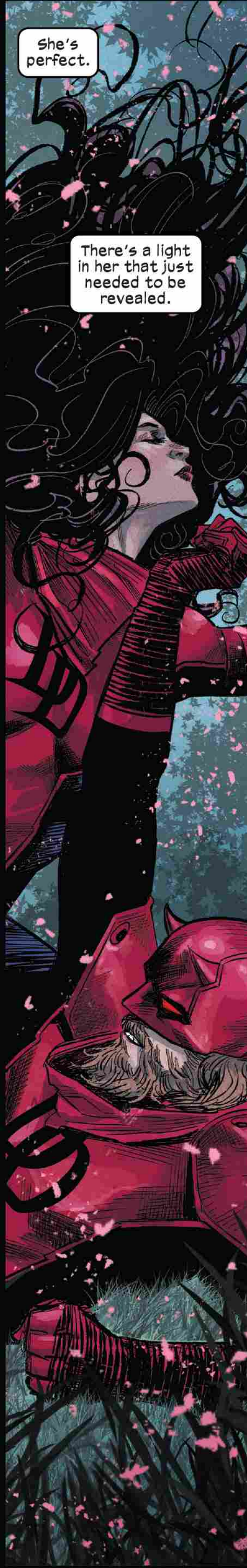
The Woman
Without
Fear.



When I first
found out what
she'd done,
that she took
the *name*...

...I didn't
know what to
make of it.

But now
I know:



She's
perfect.

There's a light
in her that just
needed to be
revealed.



My
Daredevil.



I think--I think *this* is what God has done.

What all of this has been leading to.

He's shown her how to be a *hero*. And shown me that I don't have to do this anymore, to be in this *cycle*.

I can finally rest.



THIS
IS OVER,
MATT!

A decade of
instincts has
come undone.

She's not
a killer
anymore.

I'M
TAKING YOU
HOME!

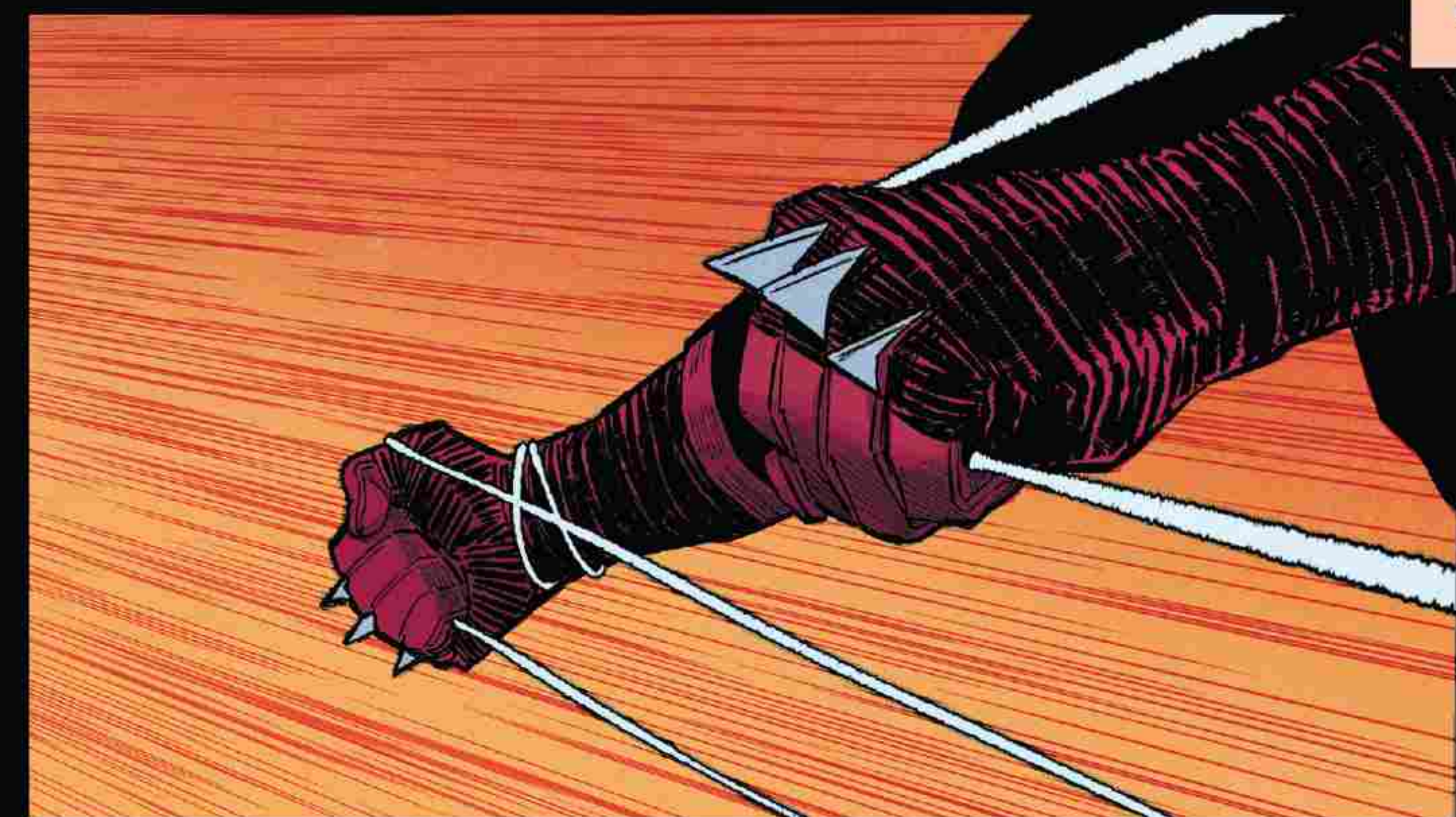
She wants to
tie me up.

Hold onto me
for a bit longer.

But I've got
to *go*, wife.



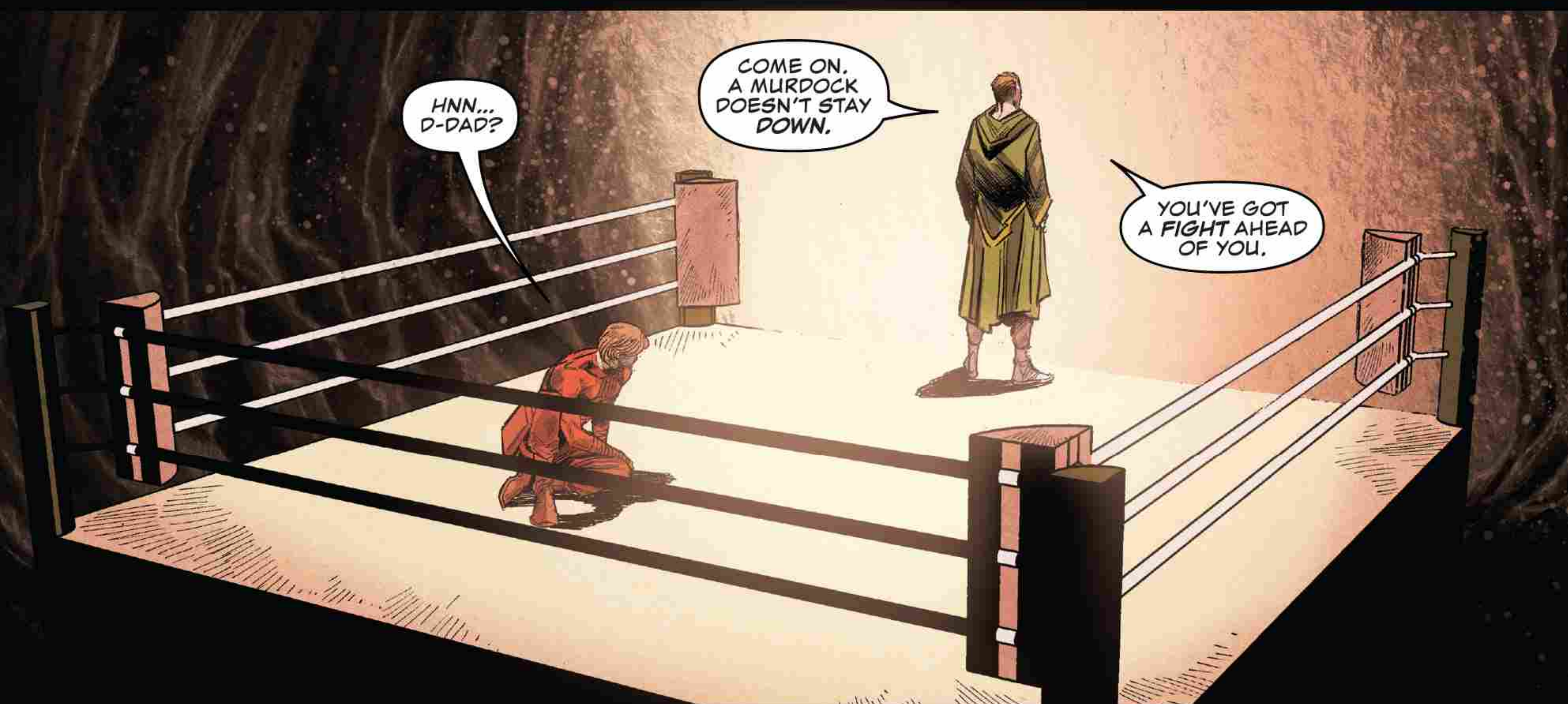
I've got
to go.











...DAREDEVIL.

I don't know
what I'm
walking into.

I went to
Hell years
ago.

It was
Mephisto's
Hell and it
felt like a
fever
dream.

This feels
different. This
is *the Beast's*
realm.

Where *the*
Hand begins
and ends.

And if it's
to end...

...let me end it
as the *hand*
of God.



**NEXT
ISSUE**





ZONE